SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTION ZDARSKY

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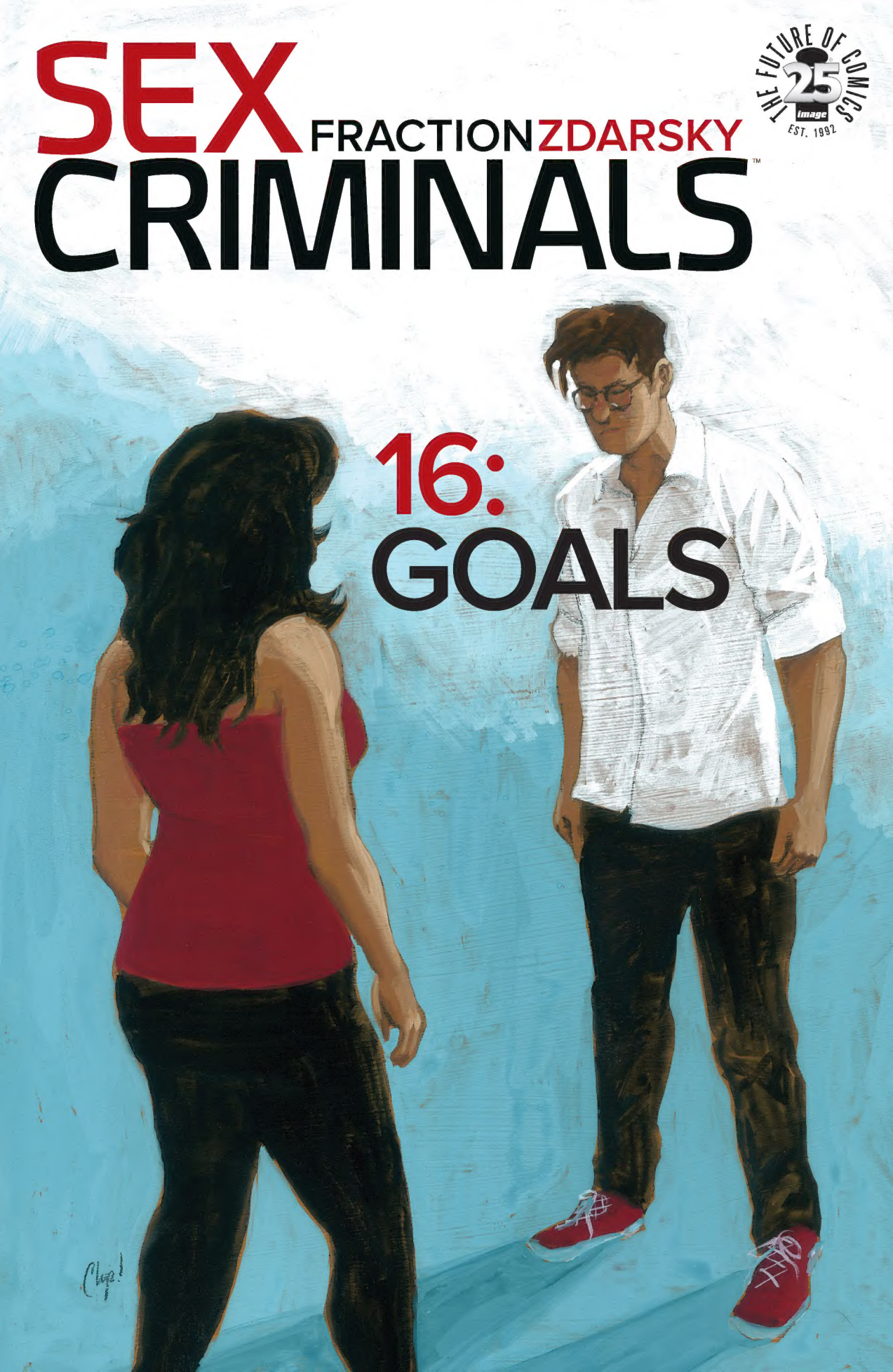

16: GOALS

FRACTION ZDARSKY FRACTION ZDARSKY

THE SEXUAL + CRIMINAL

AKA "SEX CRIMINALS"

NEITHER WICKED NOR DIVINE

image

ISSUE 16 $3.99

SEX CRIMINALS

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This book is dedicated to being fully with Janice AND Terry. Yeah, deal with it, gathered guests.

BOOK IV: THE SAGA CONTINUES...!

Before the stars came to be... when the galaxies were mere cosmic dust... there existed the first being in the universe.

This is not a comic about that **AT ALL.**

Maybe go check out some weird space comic or something. Image publishes like ninety of 'em right now.

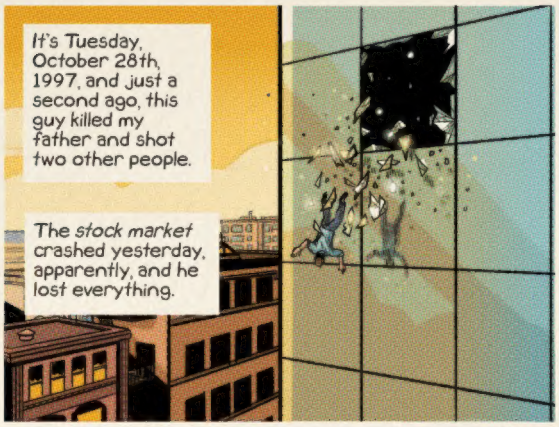
THIS IS A COMIC about two things: sex and crimes. And also love. Maybe human vulnerability and the difficulties of communication in the modern era. Maybe, too, it's about inclusion and how finding out who we are and what we dig, sexually, results in complicated, turbulent identities, but that the **journey** unites us regardless of our destination?

I don't know, you're the reader, you make the call.

In case you've not read any of our previous volumes, here's a primer (pronounced PRIM-er, apparently, and not PRIME-r, as I have been saying my entire life, thanks public schooling) on the series.

Before the stars came to be, there was the **STOCK MARKET!!!**

It **CRASHED** one day, and this guy, high on cocaine and broke as a joke, went crazy and shot people.

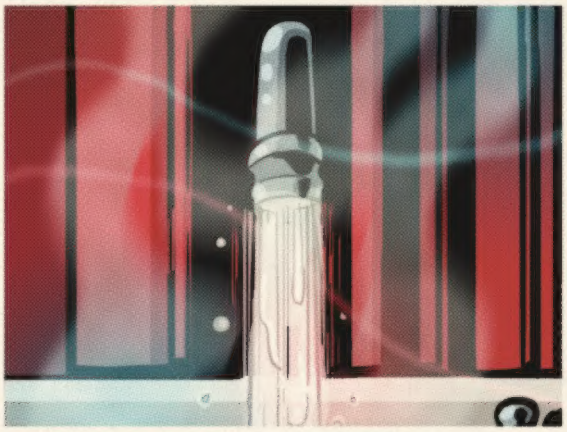

It's Tuesday, October 28th, 1997, and just a second ago, this guy killed my father and shot two other people.
The stock market crashed yesterday, apparently, and he lost everything.

This is one of the book's many moments of **VERY, VERY SUBTLE META COMMENTARY** on its themes of trouble vs. desire, want vs. need, the nature of love vs. the nature of greed, and other conflicting opposites of that sort. I mean, look at that subtle-ass shit right there.

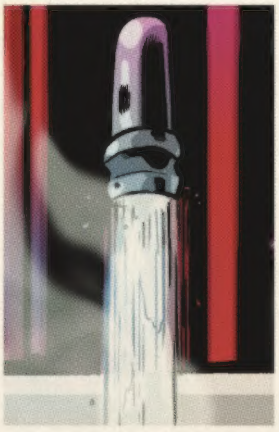
BAM. We got us a **THEME.**

Anyway, that lady's dad got killed, and we meet her as a child, the day it happened. Also, not for nothing, but her future BF is over there in the red jacket. **(FORESHADOWING)**

So anyway **SUZANNE** aka **SUZIE** aka **SUZE** most of the time but we're not great with consistency and her **MOM** deal with the loss in their own ways. Mom hits the sauce extra hard. And Suze...?



SHE discovers that when water hits her **CHA-CHA** just right she has an **ORGASM.** But even **MORE** amazing...?



TIME STOPS. Which is weird, right? In a comic, it's all frozen images, but you're supposed to be able to tell when frozen means, like, **FROZEN-FROZEN,** I guess? That's what the squiggly lines are for, the weird lighting. Anyway, Suze calls this **BEING IN THE QUIET.**

So, and again we're into **THEMATIC METAPHOR TERRITORY** here, when Suze has sex, which **SHOULD** bring you closer to someone, it actually manages to **PUSH HER AWAY**. This is confusing and distancing to young Suze as her sexual identity comes into focus over the next several years until she's legal because this isn't that kind of book Gerry jesus fucking **CHRIST** you sicken me.

So one night Suze hooks up with a guy named **JON,** and it turns out **JON IS THE SAME WAY SHE IS,** and when HE has an orgasm, time stops too, and when they have **NEAR-SIMULTANEOUS ORGASMS,** they can enter "the Quiet" together.

A couple having near-simultaneous orgasms is somehow the hardest part of this book for people to go along with. Stopping time with your **COOTER?** Fine. Getting off near the same time as your partner? **WHOA CRAZY WEIRD.**

What we're saying is, fellas (because you know it's mostly dudes who are failing their ladies), c'mon, fuck better.

So Jon and Suze don't just **HAVE SEX** and **FREEZE TIME,** they **HAVE SEX, FREEZE TIME** and **ROB THE BANK**. That's right, the **VERY BANK** that Suze informed us will take everything we love **(LIKE HER FATHER)** back on page two, remember?!?!??!?!?

See, for Suze, it's bad enough what happened to her dad, but now the bank is **FORECLOSING ON THE LIBRARY SHE WORKS AT,** and that is some bullshit up with which she will not put. And Jon?

Check it —**JON WORKS AT THE BANK.** So: sex, freeze time, steal from the bank, pay the bank back under the guise of paying the library's mortgage. Get it? **"SEX CRIMINALS."** It's our title!

But where there are Sex Criminals...

...THERE ARE SEX COPS?!? There are indeed. And they monitor people like Suze and Jon to make certain they don't get up to precisely the kind of horny hubbub our two lovesick wackadoos engage in postcoitally.

Acting without any apparent sanction from any actual legal entity, these are our bad guys. We call them **KEGELFACE** (her name is **MYRTLE SPURGE**, which is a plant, you can Bing it), **BUSDRIVER** (left) and **THE FANCY MAN (AKA KUBER BADAL)** (right).

Along the way we've met some more good guys, too, like **DR. ANA KINCAID**, a one-time adult-film star who performed under the nom-de-boink **JAZMINE ST. COCAINE**, now a doctor of **HOROLOGY,** which, I swear to god, is the study of time.

Oh, as it happens, her picture was what Jon was looking at the first time he, y'know.

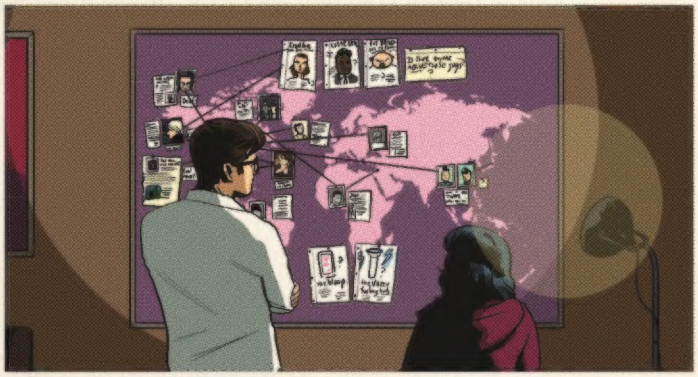
We've also met **ROBERT RAINBOW,** an old friend of Jon's and an OB-GYN; Jon's shrink **DR. DAVID DAVIS**; and Suze's BFF **RACHELLE JACKSON,** who was, until the end of our last issue more or less, dating Robert. Cute couple. They were nice together. Oh well.

So the Sex Police try to stop Jon and Suze from robbing BankCorp, and Jon and Suze give them the slip. But it doesn't end there.

Kegel can't stop fucking with Jon, and reminds him she knows who he is and what he can do. And Jon starts to lose it a little...

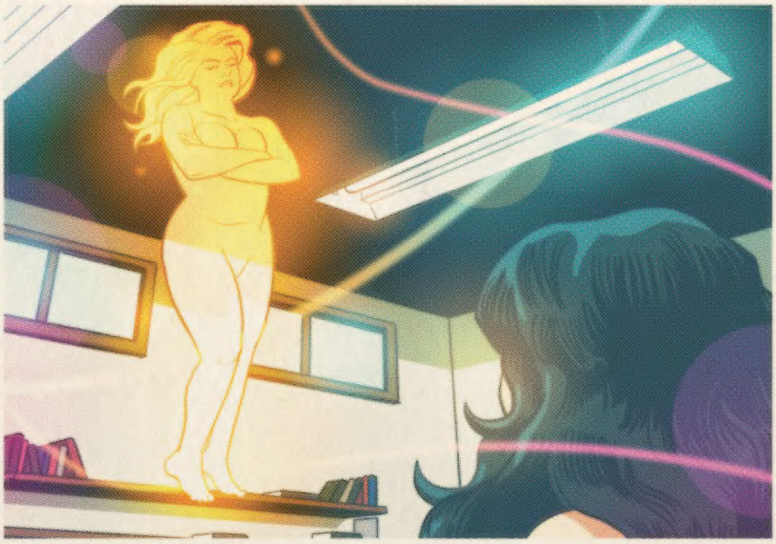
Jon turns the tables on Kegelface and the Sex Police. If they can harass him, he can harass them. Unbeknownst to Suze, Jon breaks into Kegelface's house.

I knew where she lived.
Spy on me? Make me crazy? Fine. Okay. I deserve that, I suppose.
But Suzie?
Fuck you, Kegelface.
That night I declared war on the Sex Police...

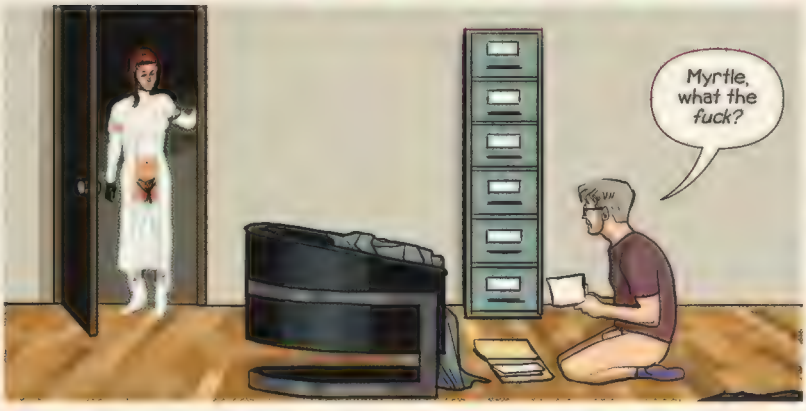


There he finds files filled with information on all **KINDS** of people like them —people Kegel and her cronies have found who experience the same kind of time-freezing, orgasm-linked phenomena as Jon and Suze. People like...

ANA (yes, our post-porn professor friend), who wanders post-orgasmic frozen time as a weird kind of spirit-thing that can float through walls. Jon's dick glows, Ana turns into an energy ghost, shit is all fucked up and shit.

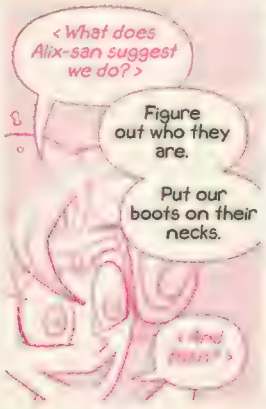


SO. Jon and Suze reach out to one of the others like them, **DEWEY, THE ANIME CUM-ANGEL,** but he's a goddamn terrifying nightmare, and it doesn't go super well.



Concurrent to all that, the Sex Police have been closing in on Jon and Suze. Kegelface has been cozying up to Doc, who catches her trying to abscond with the files he has kept on Jon's therapy sessions.

Dewey goes to **ALIX,** another time-stopping orgasm-haver, to let her know Jon and Suze are poking around after people like them. Alix is definitely not amused to hear it.



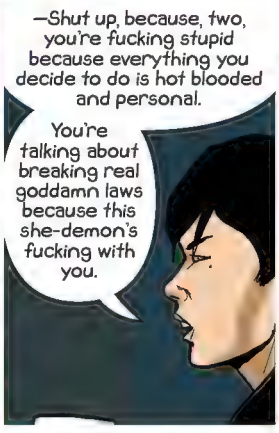
Everything comes to a head when Alix and Dewey show up at Jon and Suze's place fists-first, looking for answers as to why these two fuck-drunk dumbasses seem so intent on rocking every boat they come across...

Then we took like eight months away from publishing. Now we're caught up. Here we go. Hi.

Brown Bear
Fuck you: you're stupid.

No I'm not—
—You are, and here's why, in reverse order from minor infractions of intelligence to the full-blown AIDS that is your stupidity:
One, your lesser offense, you have no idea what you're robbing or why.
I think you just want to fuck with people you don't like.

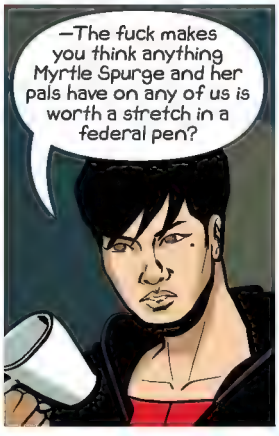
Well—


—Shut up, because, two, you're fucking stupid because everything you decide to do is hot blooded and personal.
You're talking about breaking real goddamn laws because this she-demon's fucking with you.

She's got you riled, man.
And that means you fuck up because you're running into this shit all fucked up and mad in the head. So you're gonna fuck up.

Yeah, but she—

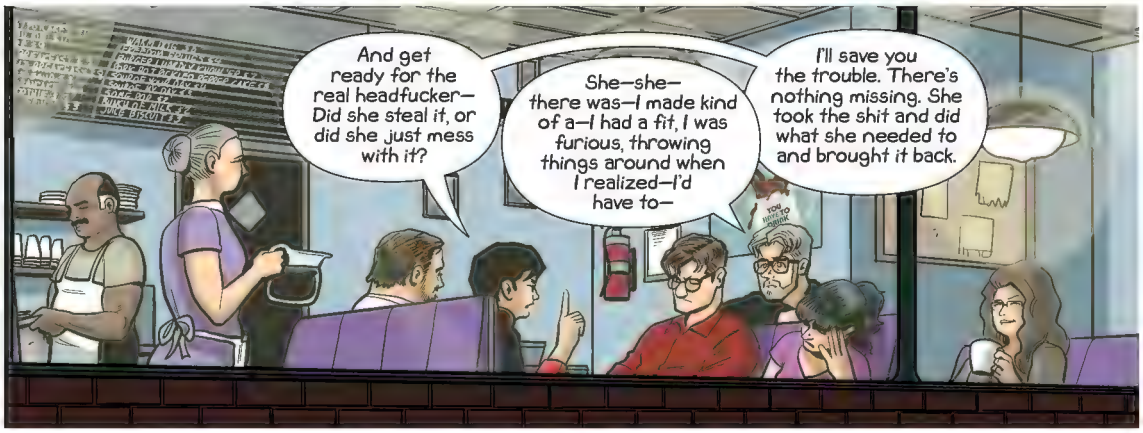
—Shut up because you're gonna do real fucking time, which takes us to three—


—The fuck makes you think anything Myrtle Spurge and her pals have on any of us is worth a stretch in a federal pen?

Ayo, coffee when you got a sec?

Because that's what we're talking about.
Hard time.

Here's the thing—We know what she's done, and I promise all y'all crackers I know more about her than you—
What can you prove she's done?
She—they—
—I'm going to do that thing where I answer my own question, sweetie.
You can't prove she's done a goddamn thing.
You might not even realize it right now, but I promise you—legally there's not only no case here, there's no cause.
And that is entirely by her design.
She broke into my office! She stole Jon's file!
We don't need to tell her—
What? It's true! She committed a crime!
Hahaha!
Oh, shit, son, you're cooked.
I guarantee it, you've got nothing. Here, watch:
She enter forcibly?
I—no.
Did she have cause to be there?
I—she—we—
...Yes.
She wearing gloves, by any chance?


And get ready for the real headfucker—Did she steal it, or did she just mess with it?
She—she—there was—I made kind of a—I had a fit, I was furious, throwing things around when I realized—I'd have to—
I'll save you the trouble. There's nothing missing. She took the shit and did what she needed to and brought it back.

How is that possible?
Does he not know?
Not... know... what?

Oh, Jesus. You are rich. This is just—Boy, okay.
Yeah look, who the fuck are you?
Why should I sit here and fucking listen to you like you fucking know fucking everything?

Because I do.
And I'm telling you—Myrtle Spurge and Kuber Badal are the only two people alive who scare me.
You start fucking with them, and it's a matter of time until they start fucking with me.
So...
Stop.

Man, fuck you.
Do you even know what she wants?
Because I see a guy Kool-Aid Man-ing into federal time, and dragging his friends along with him like a retarded Don Quixote.
Hey.
(sigh) A developmentally disabled Don Quixote.
Thank you.
You haven't stopped long enough to even ask yourself who she is or why.
What the hell is your plan, man?
Who the fuck—
Jon—
Who the fuck are you?
You want to lie down for someone like Spurge, then you fucking get what you deserve!

And you—
You touch me again? *Hit* me again?
I will beat the living *fuck* out you, pal.
No you won't.
DANG!
Nailed it, Dewey.
Fuck you.
...Dr. Kincaid, if you could cover us—
That asshole.
Jon you unbelievable fucking—

—ASSHOLE!
BOOM BOOM CHIC
Hey. Jon, hey—
—Man, fuck her.
She's a bitch, right? And that fucking man-mountain of hers—
HEY.
Don't do that to me.
You.
Don't do that to me.
...I—
Don't storm out of a, y'know, don't go make a big fucking exit—
Baby—
Fuck you, "baby." I'm not a goddamn lapdog, and I don't come when you snap your fingers.
Really? You too now?
You want to get up and leave, you don't leave me behind to make apologies and scurry after you.
We're a team.
And you left me behind.
ASSHOLE!

I'm sorry.

It was embarrassing.

Okay...!
OKAY?!

Okay! Okay. I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Okay?

SHOP-N-GO

Y'know, you're cute when you're mad.

And you're dumb.
Don't be mean.
Jon, I—

What *is* your plan here, Jon? Y'know?
Like, in life.

Uh...
We're walking home?
You ever think... bigger picture... than that?
She kinda had a point there at the end. I mean—
What are you doing, Jon? What are we? Doing?
oh shit
don't say I love you again don't say I love you again don't say
Suzie, I...
I just want to go to bed.
THURSDAYS
HIRST'S
SEXUAL CAPITAL

I've been yelled at, insulted, punched in the fucking face, and a lady who can freeze the world with her cooch stole my shrink's files on me.
If I can make it into bed without literally falling face-first into a pile of dog shit, it's a major victory.
We should make a list.
What, of things left that could go wrong?
Goals. A goals list.
Like stuff you want to do. Stuff we want to do.
Like butt stuff?
Like life stuff. Future stuff. Goal stuff.
Butt stuff is life stuff.
Knock it off.
Seriously, I read a thing or heard a podcast or a... Snapchat or... something... somewhere... about couples that are successful.
And they found couples that are successful—
—As, y'know, couples, I mean—
Share goals.
TONIGHT: ALL YOU CAN PURCHASE CLAMS
...What?

They all had the same, like, things in general that they wanted.
They wanted to own a home or they wanted to go on a vacation to Israel and buy a Super Mario yarmulke or—
—Butt stuff—
Fraction's Harvey
Memorial Park
(sigh)
Yes, butt stuff.
Anyway, I know it sounds cheesy and stuff, but maybe we could have that talk and see where we're at.
What?
I don't know how to do this, Suzanne.
You just think of stuff you want, and then write—
No, I mean—
I mean this.

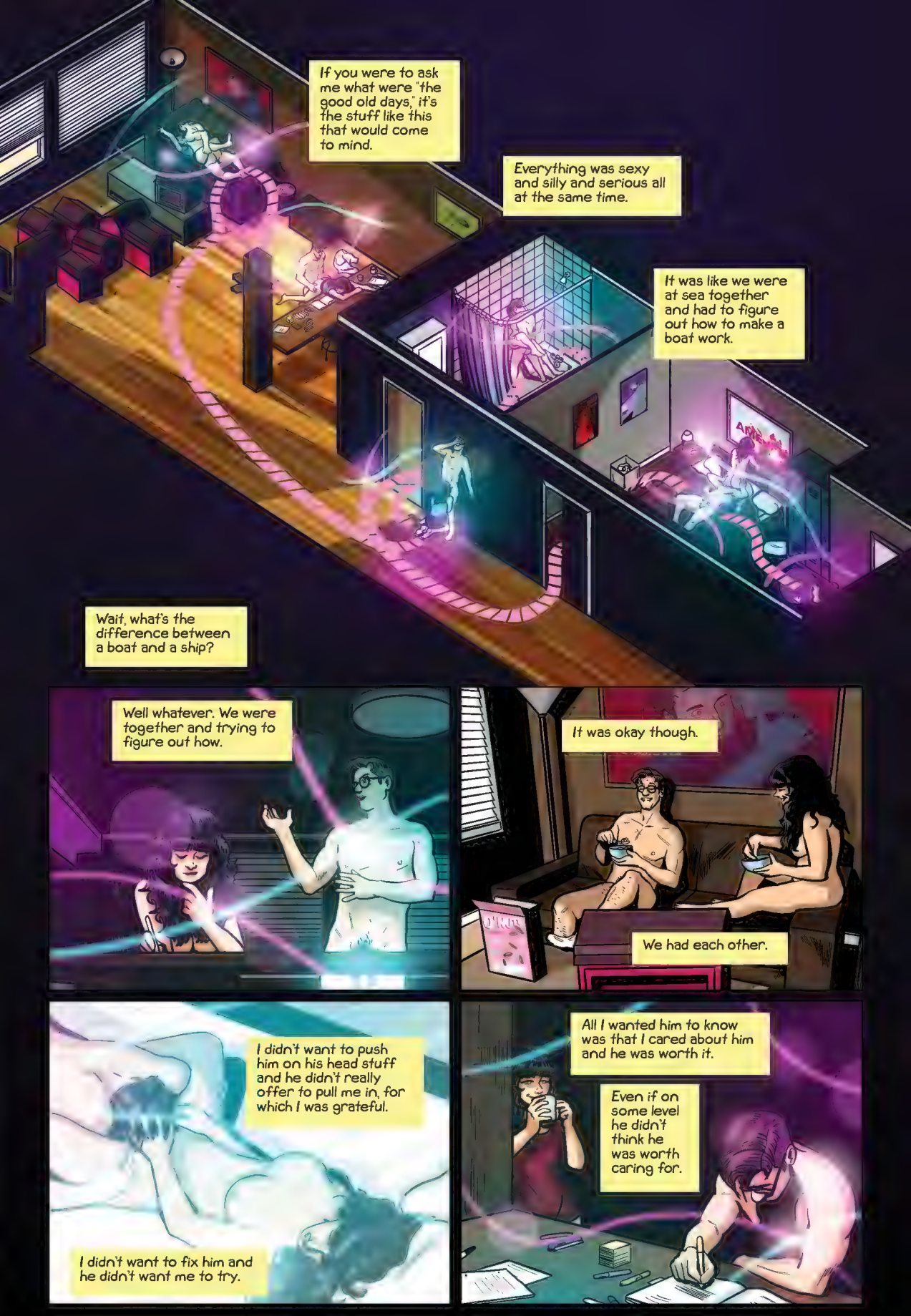
I know.
I don't either.
Well, there. Write that down.
"Let's figure this out."
But write it after you write "go the fuck to sleep" because seriously I swear to god—
Hey watch out for that dog crap.
This guy.
This fucking guy.

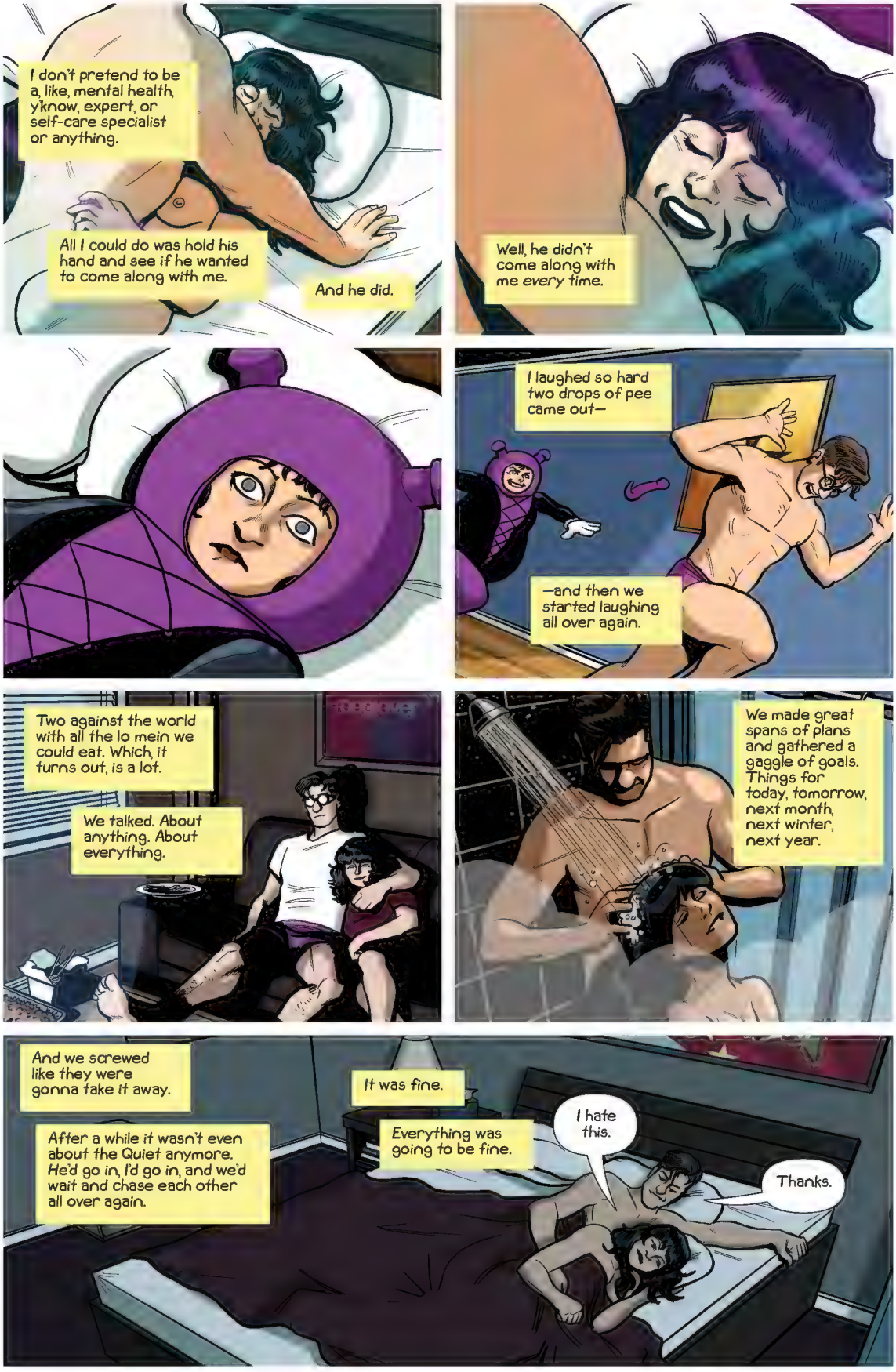
SO:
Fuck, I want some coffee.
Jon?
nng.
Taking that as a yes.
Any dreams?
I mean good ones, not the dumb boring ones that people always tell you about.
"I was in my house but it wasn't my house—
"I was fucking my mom but it wasn't my mom—
"—On a boat that was really my middle school—"
Nope. No dreams.

We have anything happening today?
Think I have rehearsal this afternoon, but—
What's wrong.
Wait what's happening—?
We're gonna talk about our goals.
Right?
Remember?
I—
You—
—Fucking nerd.
But.
My markers.
So... brunch? Dunchfast? That new meal people are eating after second blunch but before you go to sleep?
Because we will never get a res at Cloche D'taco this late.
This, Jon.
We're gonna do this, and we're gonna feel dorky and stupid and weird and awkward as we do it, but we're gonna do it.
And look I brought markers.

I'm squirrelly. I'm feelin' a little squirrelly.
Wanna, y'know. First, and then we can—
BONER JUICE
No, Jon.
I mean, yes, always, but—
But no. Not this instant.
BONER JUICE
Give me something, anything, you want to do in the future.
Do you count? Put down "you."
Suzie, I don't know, I just—
BONER JUICE
It's hard for me to think like that.
To think like this. To not—
BONER JUICE
"I have problems."
You make plans, you imply you're, y'know, worth plans.
I don't know how to think about myself like that yet.
BONER JUICE
I don't know how to explain it.
BONER
You don't have to try and explain it to me.
We don't have to talk about it, and I won't judge you because of it.
This is for you and me, is all.
This is you and me saying we—
—Together—
—Are worth plans.
A day together. An afternoon. A meal.
One moment is all we need to find what we want for each other.
Okay, then. Seriously, put "you."
There, that's a plan. Right? That's a thing we can do.

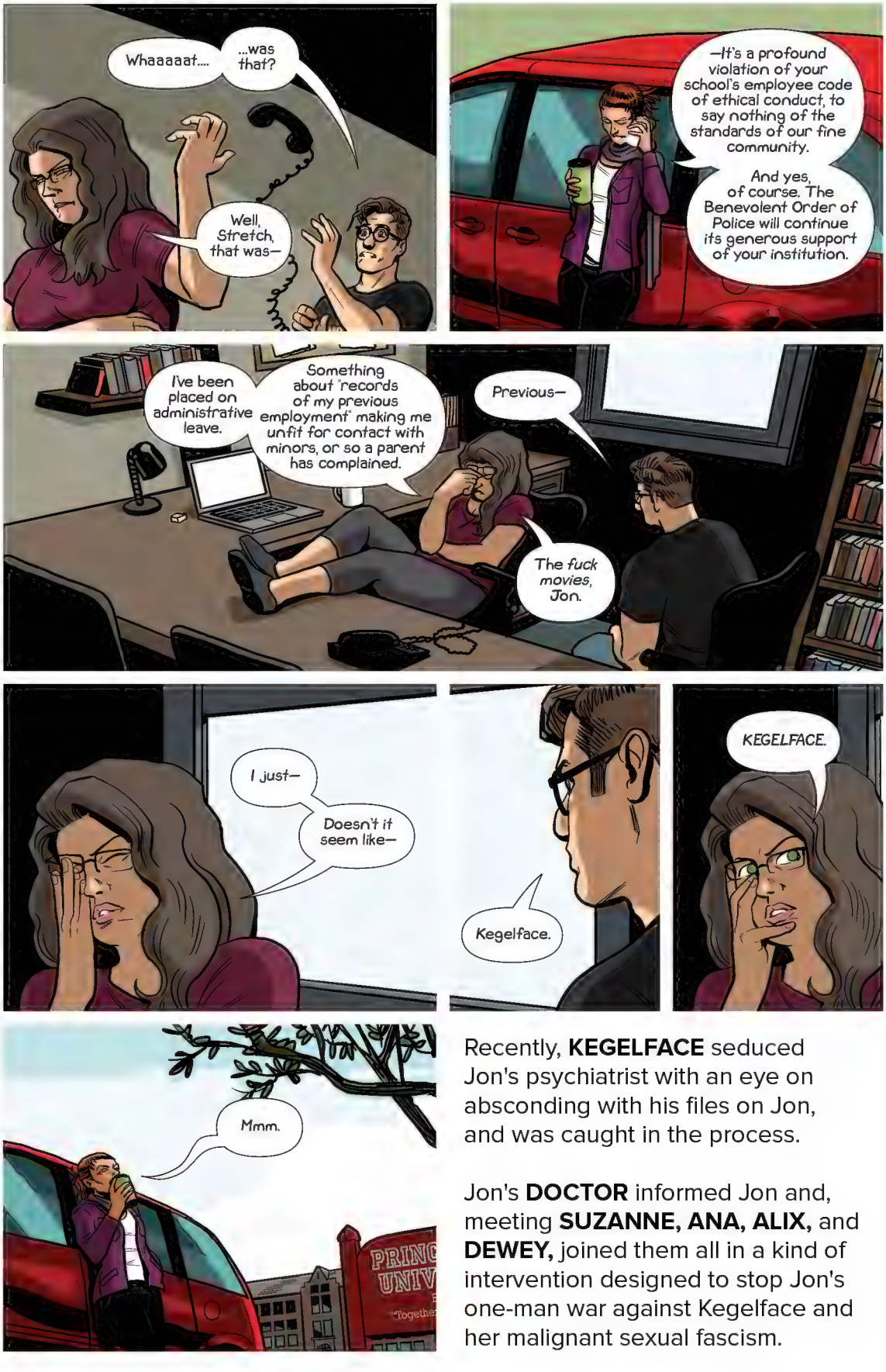
Fair.
Bam. Makin' plans.
gonna make plans all up in y—
Uh...
Lose something?
My turn.
Uh...
What?
I want to get the little lending libraries we built out of here. Get our space back.
We could bang that out over the weekend, I bet.
Ha, "bang."
Well? Come on.
Give it up.
Uh...
Here?
No, dumbass. Take off something of yours.
Name a goal, I lose clothes. I name a goal, you do the same.
Nnf. Yeah.
Somebody call a lawyer, I wanna... uh... sue your dick off—
—No, no, that's okay, you're trying, that's a good try.
And in this way we whiled away a weekend together.


If you were to ask me what were "the good old days," it's the stuff like this that would come to mind.
Everything was sexy and silly and serious all at the same time.
It was like we were at sea together and had to figure out how to make a boat work.
Wait, what's the difference between a boat and a ship?
Well whatever. We were together and trying to figure out how.
It was okay though.
We had each other.
I didn't want to push him on his head stuff and he didn't really offer to pull me in, for which I was grateful.
I didn't want to fix him and he didn't want me to try.
All I wanted him to know was that I cared about him and he was worth it.
Even if on some level he didn't think he was worth caring for.


I don't pretend to be a, like, mental health, y'know, expert, or self-care specialist or anything.
All I could do was hold his hand and see if he wanted to come along with me.
And he did.
Well, he didn't come along with me *every* time.
I laughed so hard two drops of pee came out—
—and then we started laughing all over again.
Two against the world with all the lo mein we could eat. Which, it turns out, is a lot.
We talked. About anything. About everything.
We made great spans of plans and gathered a gaggle of goals. Things for today, tomorrow, next month, next winter, next year.
And we screwed like they were gonna take it away.
It was fine.
Everything was going to be fine.
After a while it wasn't even about the Quiet anymore. He'd go in, I'd go in, and we'd wait and chase each other all over again.
I hate this.
Thanks.

No, I mean— spooning, okay, look, it's sweet...
But...
But.
It never lasts. Something falls asleep, or you need a drink, or—
—Been together like six months, you're just now—
—No, I know, I'm sorry, I just...
Just. Yknow. Full disclosure?
Sleeping like this, it never lasts...
well fuck me.

I HATE MONDAYS
Are you sure you can't reimburse me for gas?
No.
But it's a really long drive.
You're not actually an employee.
That seems awfully technical.
I HATE MONDAYS
Dr. Ana Kincaid's office.
Who shall I say is calling?
This is her intern—
—You're not—
—Friend—
—Mm.
This is her Jon.
Give me that, Jesus—
—sorry sorry that sounded bad—
This is Dr.—
—Ah, good morning to you, Chancellor Meatballs, I—
...
But I have tenure.
Ah.
I see.
WELL FUCK YOU, FUCKFACE—
I HATE MONDAYS


Whaaaaat....
...was that?
Well, Stretch, that was—
—It's a profound violation of your school's employee code of ethical conduct, to say nothing of the standards of our fine community.
And yes, of course. The Benevolent Order of Police will continue its generous support of your institution.
I've been placed on administrative leave.
Something about "records of my previous employment" making me unfit for contact with minors, or so a parent has complained.
Previous—
The fuck movies, Jon.
I just—
Doesn't it seem like—
Kegelface.
KEGELFACE.
Mmm.

Recently, **KEGELFACE** seduced Jon's psychiatrist with an eye on absconding with his files on Jon, and was caught in the process.

Jon's **DOCTOR** informed Jon and, meeting **SUZANNE, ANA, ALIX,** and **DEWEY,** joined them all in a kind of intervention designed to stop Jon's one-man war against Kegelface and her malignant sexual fascism.

Kegelface is trapped in a loveless marriage with two monstrous kids so this gig is kinnnnnnnnda her

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND AMOROUS INTENTIONS TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

HELLO BRIMPERS. WE ARE BACK. YOU KNOW THIS ALREADY BECAUSE YOU HAVE PURCHASED THIS ISSUE AND ARE READING IT (THIS AIN'T A LIBRARY, FUCKO) SO THANK YOU FOR THAT AND WE LOVE YOU AND WE MISSED YOU AND WE DIDN'T WANT TO BE THE TARDY BAD BOYS OF COMICS ANYMORE SO WE DID A LOT OF WORK IN ADVANCE OF RETURNING SO WE WILL SHIP THIS ARC MONTHLY AND ISN'T THAT FUCKING EXCITING JUST IMAGINE HOW EXCITED WE ARE FOR IT THIS GODDAMN ISSUE HAS BEEN DONE SINCE LIKE APRIL?

Okay I probably don't need to type in caps anymORENO NO I DO I DO BECAUSE I AM SO EXCITED TO BE BACK AND I AM SO READY TO "FUCK" (read and respond to) YOUR "HAIR" (letters).

•

Yo! It's Horny Goat Weed guy again. You're rather deep-cut Spawn callback at the end of the letters in issue #14 galvanized me to write in. Well done, sirs.
I was also going to compliment CZ on his yellow training bra that's almost hidden beneath his fur on the single page spread where he's sitting on MF. But turns out that's his crown medallion per previous pages. ...Nah, that can't be the case. I suspect a quick change. Spill da beans, Chip.
Also, Matt, you never told us: How'd your dick like that goat weed?!? Spill da peens, Matt.
And keep bangin',
Joshua

I SLIPPED THE HORNY GOAT WEED INTO CHIP'S DRINK AND WATCHED THE "FIREWORKS" (Chip masturbating in a men's room). IT WAS ALL FOR SCIENCE I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.

WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS HOW MUCH I LOVE CHIP'S DRAWING IN THAT SEQUENCE. ALSO I THINK WE SHOULD COSPLAY AS THAT NEXT YEAR SOMEWHERE.

•

I would first like to start by offering an erotic haiku.

Her long hair tangles
No struggle in rising— then
We are rapt in bed

I absolutely love this comic. When I purchased the first issue for a dollar I was expecting either to laugh or cringe, I instead fell in love and connected with the characters. Both the writing and art are fantastic and go together seamlessly. I have purchased a couple copies of issue 11 hoping to get a sketch and so far have failed. Is there any chance I can send you a copy to go nuts on? Thank you both for creating something special.

Gary C.

IT DIDN'T RHYME.

I'M JUST KIDDING! NO BUT REALLY IT DIDN'T RHYME.

THANK YOU FOR GAMBLING A DOLLAR ON OUR DIRTY WEIRD FUCK BOOK. YOU CAN SEND YOUR COPIES OF ISSUE 11 FOR US TO SIGN FOR YOU TO—

—Matt just wrote out a terrible idea and I just erased it because I have that power -CZ

•

After witnessing this slowly evolving list of WEIRD MOVIES TO FUCK TO, I felt I would throw in a story about a time where a girl convinced me to lay her simply by owning a movie I hadn't seen. I was in college at the time, and at this point had never seen The Fifth Element. I was awfully ashamed of this fact, being a huge cinephile, and thus, when a girl (who I wasn't particularly interested in, and she knew it) suggested that I come back to her place to watch The Fifth Element, I decided (perhaps incorrectly) that this was the best idea ever and that I should definitely go. Somehow, I missed the memo where "being in college and inviting someone over to watch a movie" means, "we're gonna fuck," and was completely shocked when, halfway through Leeloo doing something (I still don't know anything about this movie so I can't even say what it was other than 'looking hot'), I had a hand in my pants and was sexing this girl I didn't even really want to be spending time with. See, I never really knew how to say "no," and thus... never really did. Which means that a majority of my early sexual experiences were terrible, and often times unwanted and unenjoyed (not a word).

That story took a turn I wasn't expecting when I started it. Got laid to Fifth Element. ADD IT TO THE LIST! (or don't)

Justin S.

OKAY THERE IS A LOT TO UNPACK HERE BUT REALLY I JUST WANT TO MAKE FUN OF YOU FOR 1) THINKING YOURSELF A LESSER CINEPHILE AND 2) ACTUALLY SEEING *THE FIFTH ELEMENT* [HEY COLIN FIRTH, IN CASE YOU'RE READING -- POSSIBLE MEMOIR TITLE: *THE FIRTH ELEMENTS?* U CAN HAVE THAT 1 FOR FREE, MR. DARCY].

I HAD TWO FRIENDS ONCE (BOTH DEAD NOW); ONE WAS A HUGE SCIENCE FICTION FAN AND HE CONVINCED THE OTHER THAT *THE FIFTH ELEMENT* WAS GOING TO BE THE *BLADE RUNNER* OF OUR GENERATION AND THEY WENT TO SEE IT OPENING NIGHT, AND THE SECOND THE TITLE CARD CAME UP READING "COSTUMES BY JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER" HE SHOUTED, "FUCKING JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER?!?!" AND STOOD UP AND WALKED OUT LEAVING THE HUGE SCIENCE-FICTION FAN ALONE WITH

SEX TIP *Joining the Mile High Club? Certain miles expire at year's end; if you don't use them for travel, you can convert them into magazine subscriptions!*

GARY OLDMAN'S WEIRD COL. SANDERS ACCENT AND GOOD OL' LEELO MULTIPASS.

THE REAL THING TO TALK ABOUT HERE, THOUGH, IS A KIND OF SHIFT IN TONE AND TENSE ACROSS THE SPAN OF YOUR LETTER. I WANTED TO MOCK YOU FOR THE PHRASING, "CONVINCED ME TO LAY HER SIMPLY BY OWNING A MOVIE." FIRST OFF, "LAY HER." JETTISON THAT ONE OUT THE AIRLOCK. YOU MAY AS WELL HAVE BEEN CONVINCED TO MAKE A SEX WITH HER.

THEN I THOUGHT, WELL, WAIT, OWNING A MOVIE PRE-YOU IS A PASSIVE KIND OF CONVINCING, REALLY; AND I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT CONSENT AND WHAT WAS AND WASN'T "CONVINCING" ONE TO "MAKE A SEX" WITH THE OTHER -- AND THEN I GOT TO THE END OF YOUR LETTER.

THAT THING, THAT DON'T-KNOW-HOW-TO-SAY-NO THING, IS TOXIC MASCULINITY IN A NUTSHELL. IT'S POISON THAT WE TEACH BOYS THAT NOT WANTING TO HAVE SEX ISN'T AN OPTION; IT'S AS POISON, ALBEIT IN A DIFFERENT WAY, AS TEACHING GIRLS THEY NEED TO LEARN HOW NOT TO GET RAPED. WE AS A PEOPLE ALREADY DON'T LISTEN TO THE WOMEN THAT SAY NO; WE DON'T EVEN BOTHER TEACHING THE MEN HOW. SO MEN CAN'T SAY IT AND CAN'T HEAR IT AND WOMEN DON'T GET TO SAY IT AND WHEN THEY DON'T SAY IT WE FIT 'EM FOR A SCARLET LETTER.

WE'VE REALLY MADE A SEX TO OUR PERCEPTIONS AND SOCIETAL STRUCTURES BUILT AROUND THE PROCESS OF REACHING SEXUAL MATURITY.

I finally saw BLADE RUNNER this year. Probably the worst thing to happen in 2016 tbh!! -CZ

•

So about this Sexual Gary coloring book, what's the price range we'll be looking at here? Like, is this the type of thing I could buy in bulk to send to everyone I've ever known, or am I looking at an intimate partners only type gift?

Also, will there be dicks for me to color in, or will I be expected to add my own dicks?

Sincerely,
Richard B.

I THINK WE'VE CHANGED COURSE ON OUR THINKING THERE, BUT MORE ABOUT THAT SOON. THE ORIGINS OF SEXUAL GARY ARE COMING SOON, AND SO'S A LOT MORE, BUT WE NEED TO DOT SOME I'S AND CROSS SOME T'S BEFORE WE GET THERE.

LONG STORY SHORT, THE OPTION WAS TELL MORE COMIC STORIES OR TAKE THE TIME TO MAKE WHAT WOULD BE, ESSENTIALLY, *JUST THE TIPS 2.* WE LOVED THE FIRST ONE, AND DOING IT WAS A BLAST (HA HA DOING IT) BUT IT DROPPED A DEPTH CHARGE INTO THE HEART OF OUR SCHEDULE WE'RE ONLY JUST NOW GETTING CORRECTED.

BUT YES THERE WOULD'VE BEEN LOTS OF DICKS.

•

Hey, me again. Quick question about the coloring book. Would it be a good idea to keep a stack of them next to my bed for pre- and post-coital activities?

Sincerely,
Richard B.

ENOUGH RICHARD IT'S GETTING CREEPY.

•

Funny book and amazing letters page.

The people who write in really open up because the back-matter has become a safe haven for all sorts of weird fuck-ups, in other words people like you and me. It's so inclusive and everyone is welcome regardless of race, gender or sexuality.

I met my wife Jeanette when we were 18, married at 20 and we're still together now we're 52. The only sex we know is with each other, which is probably a bit boring but also something to cherish. The important part is the companionship. Our morning cuddles help us face a challenging world every day.

Keep spreading the love.

Cheers,

Bruce M

I THINK THIS IS LOVELY AND WONDERFUL.

I think it's sick and TwIsTeD!!! -CZ

•

Dear Matt & Chip,

Thanks for putting less of that meta shit in the latest issue, it always gets in the way of an OK story.

It's not completely gone just yet though, so better luck with that next time.

All the best

Steve H.

IN ISSUE 19, ALIX WILL HAVE THE LINE "THIS IS MORE DISAPPOINTING THAN A STEVE H. LETTER." U ARE WELCOME BUDDY!!!!

Hey, Steve, it's me, JON, from the hit comic "SEX CRIMINALS." Thanks for your interest in my

SEX TIP *Interested in anal play? Well, I'm interested in anal WORK, Gerry, because ONE of us has to pay the goddamn anal bills in this house.*

---

adventures!!! -JON, speaking to YOU, the READER.

•

I think it should've been subliminal... :)

(FROM COVER OF ALAN MOORE/ GENE HA: TOP 10 BOOK TWO)

Kisses

Stephen

SHIT THEY FOUND US OUT CHUM ALAN MOORE IS GONNA WIZARD OUR ASSES INTO TREES OR SOMETHING SHIT SHIT SHIT

I wish he'd wizard me some sweet WATCHMEN royalty checks!! -CZ

•

Shit! I forgot to say how great Los Bros Hernandez covers are. Beto's huge tits small minge combo is a hoot, but I'll go with Jaime's ass shot.

Cheers,

Bruce M

ENOUGH BRUCE IT'S GETTING CREEPY.

•

One time I was watching The Empire Strikes back with a girl, and she started giving me a hand job, then she stopped and started laughing "YOU'VE GOT A BONER FOR YODA". It's the worst thing that's ever happened to me.

Tom

DID YOU FINISH

Yes, thanks for asking, chum. -CZ

•

(...)

Also to you guys (Matt + Chip), I love how anticlimactic it was when Suzie told Jon that she wasn't into it anymore either and she pretty implied that she loves him too. That part resonated a lot with me because with my boyfriend now, there was a point in our relationship where we just had a lot of sex and after a while (kinda like at this point now), we realized (or I did, cos i'm apparently the more physical one and he's more emotional) that sex doesn't play a huge role in a relationship; communication is, even though sex does strengthen other aspects of a relationship. I guess revealing how we truly feel about each other in a relationship is somehow as clichéd as it is, just no antics or motives or whatever: just being honest with each other and that's just how it is to be true to one's self and one's partner. You've outdone yourselves once again chums.

With love.

Brenda W.

I THINK, BRENDA W., THAT YOU HAVE QUITE ELEGANTLY LAID OUT THE THEMES AND EXPLORATIONS AND INTERESTS WE HAVE IN THIS BOOK. THE TRICK ENDS UP BEING THAT WE ALL HAVE TO LEARN WHAT MAKES US HAPPY AND LEARNING HARD THINGS IS HARD. ALSO CUM JOKES?

ugh are we gonna rename the book relationship criminals -CZ

•

I've been meaning to write this email to you for a while now but I'm in the habit of reading Sex Crims late at night whilst I'm in bed and at that point getting up, turning my computer on and composing a well worded email is not on my to-do list. However in this instance I have been reading on my shiny new tablet (As an aside I'd like to note that Sex Crims is the first comic I have read on this device (what better choice to pop this thing's comic virginity right? (Is the idea of an inanimate object having a virginity weird?... Who cares. Let's continue.))) and that makes for easy email and I thought I might as well, in the immortal words of Shia LeBeuf, just do it.

I have been reading this series for some time now (pretty much since release) and I am constantly telling people how good it is. That includes exclaiming loudly, in public, phrases such as 'I love Sex Criminals' which has on occasion got me some funny looks on a the train. But I can't shut up about this bloody comic! People ask me what I'm reading or for recommendations this is the top of the list. And that's for no reason other than how important this comic is to me. There is something about it that is not only supremely entertaining but also wonderfully open and accepting. This isn't larger than life heroes or broad stereotypes used to make a point and neither is it autobiographical or of a singular perspective. This is instead something that feels real and connected with characters that could be and arse-hole you might walk past in the street. And that is a wonderful thing that we need more of in a society where anyone

SEX TIP *Looking to please a man with your oral skills? Buy a thesaurus or visit a thesaurus service online! You can be talking like a fancy college boy in no time!*

---

can say basically anything and be heard.

Reading your comic has really helped me put things in perspective. I'm from England and our education system is somewhat different from that of the US but I do recall having sexual education that included discussion of masturbation and contraception in ways that were (probably) quite informative. Problem is I was a naïve child and quite honestly didn't really pay much attention. And so I never had any real concept of sex or sexuality until pretty late on by most standards. I didn't want to make out with girls. I didn't see the point. And I didn't really notice sexual changes to my own body or the changes of others (tits? Sure whatever). My mental processing when it came to boners was something along the lines of 'My dick is hard. That's weird. Oh well I am sure it'll go away'. And of course it did. So the idea of what if felt like to cum (whilst I was awake at least) and touching myself as a solution never really dawned on me. That is until a couple of guys (who I now realise were picking on me (like I said I was a naïve kid)) asked me if I was a wanker (i feel like you may not be a word you yanks use but it means a person who masturbates (wanks)) and made the motion with a transparent rod during a science class (its weird the details your brain holds on to uisn't it). I put 2 and 2 together and got the gist of what they were on about and tried it out next time I was at home and one popped up. And that was it. Fast forward a bit and I'm regularly pulling one out. But almost never to porn. I don't think I watched my first porn video until I was maybe 20 and I've never read a porno. At which time a had my first girlfriend, first kiss and my first time all in 48 hours. We were watching films (The Last Samurai (we never got through that film or Battle Royale 2 in at least 2 attempts each (so i guess you can add them to the list))) and she started touching which led to kissing which led to undressing which led to my first botched attempt at sex. Second times the charm though and we got there (at least I did).

You may be wondering what the point of me telling you all this is. Well now you have some context I'll tell you. I was with that particular girl for about 3 years. Then nothing for another 3. Then a girl I fell for HARD but that only last a few months before she got bored of me. And it shit me up. I half wanted to win her back half wanted to fuck as many people as I could to get her out of my system. Neither happened and it was another 3 years until my next sexual partner (with an exception in getting handsy with a friend a few times) and that was a disaster. So I tried the online dating thing but I soon realised that I simply didn't care. And I couldn't really think of a reason why I wanted a relationship.

This lead to some self reflection and the self realisation that I don't NEED sex. Or a partner. Or whatever. This started me down a path of thinking maybe I was asexual. And here is where your comic comes in (I know, finally right). I wasn't really sure how best to define myself, or even if it mattered, but reading your comic helped a huge amount. I realised I'm not asexual because I enjoy sex. And sometimes I want sex. But I realise I don't need it or want it enough for it to be something I'm willing to put effort into getting. That naïve boy who didn't care about sex or girls is still there. Except now he is self (and world) aware enough to realise that not caring is perfectly OK. But it's also not the same as not wanting. Your comic has played an important role in that maturing of my identity so for that I think you.

So thank you for this series. I will continue spreading the good word. No matter how funny the looks or bored my friends are with me explaining why it's the best.

I'm going to stop typing now because it's 3am (crap that means I've been writing for nearly 2 hour) and this email is insanely long. I'd be happy for you to print it but you might need to give it the 'to be continued' treatment to fit it all in :p (my bad).

All the best

Jayms

JAYMS, I RAN (ALMOST) THE WHOLE THING FOR A COUPLE REASONS: 1) YOUR PARENTS HATE YOU, THUS NAMING YOU "JAYMS". 2) BECAUSE YOUR EXPERIENCE IS IMPORTANT AND VALID AND NOT OFTEN THE KIND OF THING THAT GETS REFLECTED IN THESE PAGES -- WHICH IS BY NO MEANS AN INDICATION OF YOUR VALIDITY. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR PLACE TODAY, JAYMS; CONGRATS.

ALSO 3) WE CAN NOW ADD *THE LAST SAMURAI* TO THE FUCK FILM LIST.

•

In issue 15, the look in the doc's eyes when he's going down on Myrtle is priceless. He's in heaven munching away!

Gary K.

Thank you Gary, here's my reference photo. Cheers. -CZ

•

SEX TIP *Dress-up can throw a little spice into a relationship! In your case Gerry literally anything other than those same goddamn sweatpants.*

This is my first time writing into a comic, and I've got to say, I didn't expect this would be my first one or the reason why but that's the sexy nature of life.

My first time doing anything naughty was when my now-fiancé but then very new girlfriend came over to watch a film. Y'know, Netflix and chill, but before Netflix. Or chilling. So we put on Inception and cuddled for a while. We watched through all the long bits of Leo and JGL (what a hunk) explaining dreams to Ellen Page, and then as we got to the main bit where the action starts, we started making out. And somehow, the whole 1st to 3rd base time took us pretty much to the credits, but I guess that's how it works when neither party knows what they're doing. Also, I never saw the fight in the Incredible Hulk (2008) because of a beej, and even getting a beej, it's very difficult to not watch how neon Tron Legacy is.

Anyway, thanks for the awesome comic and all the community you guys helped birth.

Joe T

INCEPTION **IS THE MOST BORING MOVIE EVER MADE I CAN THINK OF NO FINER MAKE-OUT MOVIE.**

ALSO SPOILER WARNING ON *HULK* (2008) UP THERE, HUH? SOME OF US HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET.

Ha ha HULK gave you a boner -CZ

•

I don't know if this counts for Crimbo Movie Club but I've been looking for any excuse to write. Back in December this terrific woman and I were talking about "Seven Samurai." She kissed me mid-sentence and I ended up having sex for the first time in probably like twelve years. For the next month I felt like a much cooler person was playing me in the story of my life. I messed it up eventually, but still, many thanks to the woman in question and to Akira Kurosawa. And, by the way, to Matt & Chip and company, not only for arranging a reliably hilarious and welcoming space, but also for bringing me back to comics after a hiatus almost as long as the one I had for sexing.
Zack J.

WE'LL INCLUDE IT BUT WITH AN ASTERISK.

ALSO YOU'RE UNDERESTIMATING TOSHIRO MIFUNE. SHE WASN'T KISSING YOU. SHE WAS KISSING TOSHIRO MIFUNE.

•

Hey Chatt and Mip. Long time fan of the book. I've been on board since issue six, and though the comic itself is really good, it was the letters column that got me. It's been fascinating to watch that little community develop.

I'm from Mexico, and we don't really have "porn in the woods" experiences here, but we do have... movies. One of my first sexual experiences was during Thor. It was my first date, I was around 18, she was around 19, and the movie was kinda boring, so...it happened (it being a handjob, not sure if I needed to be explicit but... nevermind, I just saw the name of your comic book). I don't really get horny when I watch Thor, but I did get some confusing feelings when I went to the theater to see The Dark World with a male friend who seemed pretty unwilling to helo me replicate the experience.

Anyway, this is the first letter that I've ever written to a comic book (I'm more of a silent expectator when it comes to comics, which is to say I don't have a particular urge to express my opinions everywhere on the internet like all the crazy kids today), but I've been having a rough couple of years (welp) and I really can't think of a more open environment than this to express myself.

I am 24 years old, and I punched my v-card when I was 20 with a very cool gal (same one I watched Thor with), and since then I have had...zero sex. Nothing. Nada. I mean, seriously, can you imagine? I have only ever had sex ONCE, I'm in the prime of my life, and I have not had anything close to a sexual experience (not even a kiss) for four freaking years. It's hard, man. Specially considering what you and other very smart people have mentioned about our culture bombarding us with sex and standards of attractivness and all that stuff. Four years being bombarded sexy stuff EVERYWHERE. You can't go anywhere without being reminded of how society says that you SHOULD have a romantic partner or else you're worthless. I've always been very awkward around women that I find attractive, but the lack of sex has created a kind vicious circle. The more awkward I am, the less women are interested in me. And the less women are interested in me, the more sexually frustrated I get, and that makes me MORE awkward. It's gotten to the point where I literally start shaking whenever I approach a girl that I even mildly like.

In four years, I've only gone out on like four dates, all with different girls, because honestly, who would want a second date with this mess?

And the other part of the problem is (...) I want to have an actual emotional connection with someone AND do all the sexy stuff. It was because of the letters here that I learned to accept the fact that I am very sexual person (thanks in part, also, to The Girl I Watched Thor With). She was very open about sexuality, and I really liked that about her, and that in turn shaped my preferences.

It's really frustrating, and the more time goes by the harder it gets (...)

SEX TIP *Relationships are about the three Cs: compassion, communication, Camaros, and counting.*

So, I think my point here is...shit, I don't even know Ttam and Pich. I guess I'm only looking for some advice on how to stop being an anxious wreck?

Thanks in advance and keep the boners forever.

Osvaldo S.

CONGRATS ON BEING THE FIRST PERSON TO HAVE ENJOYED *THOR: THE DARK WORLD.*

I JUST SKIMMED THE REST OF YOUR LETTER HOPE THAT'S OKAY.

•

NO I'M JUST KIDDING! I READ IT ALL. OSVALDO, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE TRAPPED IN A CYCLE WHERE THIS THING THAT YOU WANT, AND NEED, AND WANT AND NEED TO DESERVE, HAS BECOME SO MONOLITHIC IN YOUR MIND THAT THE ONLY SCREWING YOU'RE GETTING IS BY YOU, TO YOU. AND THAT'S THE THING, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE STUCK IN THE PLACE SO MANY OF US GET STUCK IN, IF, AS YOU SAY, WHAT YOU WANT IS A SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP PREDICATED ON AN EMOTIONAL CONNECTION, THEN IT'S NOT THE GIRLS THAT ARE FLIPPING YOU OUT, IT'S YOU AND YOUR THOUGHTS ABOUT HAVING AN ORGASM -- THIS ISN'T ABOUT SEX. THIS IS ABOUT CUMMING AND CUMMING WITH OR NEAR OR ON SOMEONE AND DOOOINNNNG STUFFFFFFF. THE MORE SEX-FOCUSED YOU BECOME, THE MORE THE STAY-THE-FUCK-AWAY PHEROMONE RADIATES OFF YOU, OR SO YOU THINK. BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT REALLY THINKING ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS. YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT FUCKING.

THE WORST-CASE SCENARIO IS THAT AS YOU HATE YOURSELF AND YOUR SITUATION MORE, SOONER OR LATER, YOU'LL START BLAMING WOMEN. AND THEN TURNING INTO *THAT GUY*. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I THINK YOU NEED TO DEEMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF ORGASM. JERK OFF TWICE BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE EACH DAY. STOP THINKING ABOUT IT BY LITERALLY REMOVING THE CHEMICALS FROM YOUR BODY. FIND A WOMAN AND BE HER FRIEND. NOT HER WANNA-BE-FUCK-BUDDIES FRIEND, NOT HER FRIEND-WITH-BENEFITS. BEFRIEND A WOMAN SINCERELY AND GENUINELY. FIND A REAL AND TRUE RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE BECAUSE ONCE YOU DO THAT, THE ANXIETY WILL FADE.

YOU HAVE TO BREAK YOURSELF OF THINKING ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS = ORGASM.

Or just do what I did and grow old and shift your focus to the inevitable cold touch of death! Cheers! -CZ

•

I just wanted to say thank you, because now I can use your comic book to teach a bunch of people around me about gender roles, sexuality, sex, assault, and all those important stuff in a more effective way than American Sex-ed. You seriously learn nothing in this God-forsaken educational pit. Salam,

Liz A.

THE FIRST DAY OF ELEVENTH GRADE I LITERALLY LISTENED TO TWO GUYS ARGUE ABOUT "WHICH ONE WAS AFRICA" AND "WHICH ONE WAS ASIA" ON A MAP THAT HUNG ON THE WALL.

OUR SCHOOLS ARE DIRELY FUCKED—QUITE UNLIKE THAT OSVALDO FELLOW UP THERE, AMIRITE? HEYOOOOOOOOOO.

I have ALWAYS considered myself a sex-ed instructor no matter which coffee shop I'm in at the time. -CZ

•

Long time reader and first time writer, I know a very banal opening but hear me out. One of the many reasons I love this comic is the letters section, and I really wish/ want there to be a forum or something online for us brimpers to chat about the awesomeness of this comic and talk about our sexuality as one does. Or maybe personal ads like newspapers would do in the olden days when people read newspapers? I kid, but I think it would be an interesting idea.

An unrelated tangent, I see a theme with people discussing films and sex, I lost my virginity in the woods when I was in my twenties, but I did have a FWB who got me to watch scary movies by having sex with me afterwards. I still don't like scary movies, but whenever I watch the Haunting I get turned on, so there is that. Also super bonus points for you guys portraying different sexualities in a positive light!

Sincerely,

Cait H.

P.S. Would it be possible to have Brimper meet ups at most comic conventions? I love this comic but I am too poor to fly to the west coast.

BOY, WHAT A GREAT IDEA. WE'VE JOKED TO ONE ANOTHER ABOUT RUNNING CLASSIFIEDS AND SUCH IN THESE PAGES SOMETIMES.

THE THING IS, IT COULDN'T (AND WOULDN'T) BE A THING WE COULD (OR WOULD) ENDORSE AS THAT'S A LEGAL MORASS THAT I CAN FEEL OUR LAWYERS FREAKING OUT ABOUT JUST BECAUSE I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT.

SEX TIP *Long road trips with your partner can be sexy and fun, but only in Camaros, and only to Dollywood.*

THAT SAID, THE FOLKS AT http://brimpersunited.com/ ARE SORT OF THE EPICENTER OF BRIMPAGE AND FAN ACTIVITY. IT'S A TUMBLR VS. A FORUM (I AM FOND OF OLD-SCHOOL FORA BUT THEY REQUIRE A LOT OF MODERATING HOURS AND ENERGY) AND CHRIST IT ALMOST KILLS US PUTTING THE COMIC OUT.

BUT WAIT HOW DID YOU AGREE TO LETTING IT HAPPEN IN THE WOODS?! MY LORD. AND *THE HAUNTING* WILL GO ON THE LIST.

THE IDEA OF THAT BEING A THING THAT GETS SOMEONE REVVED UP IS THE KIND OF SHIT THAT SHOULD BE IN THIS BOOK. NICE WORK, CAIT.

Please do not have brimper meetings in the woods please no -CZ

•

If one had a separate computer that was used only to view pornography would that device be called a Cumputer [Cum-pew-ter] or a Pornoputer [Porn-op- u-ter]?

Thanks

-k

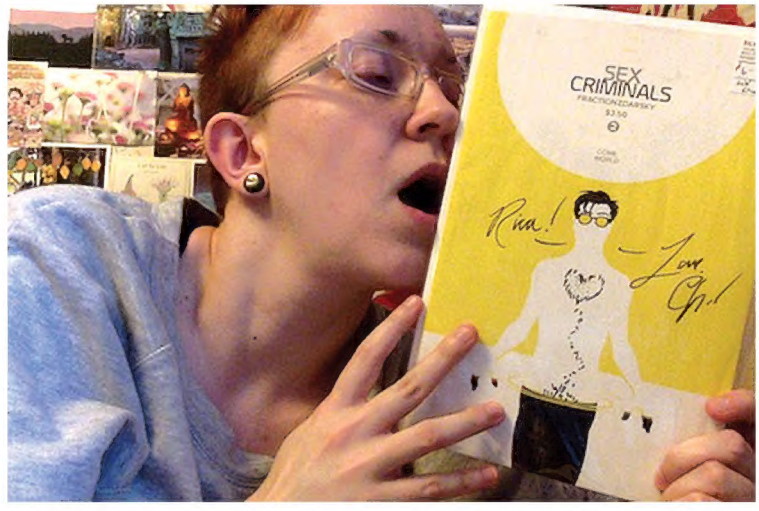
IT WOULD BE CALLED THE iWHACK.

It would be called my "work" computer. -CZ

•

I've been a fan of Sex Criminals since the very first issue and wanted to write you something witty and clever. Instead you get this. I'm sorry.

It's no exaggeration that SexCrims changed my life. It's the first comic I ever put on my pull list, the comic that made me a regular at my local comic shop and that made me want



to up my own comic making game. I don't think I could properly describe how deliriously happy your filthy little creation makes me in words fit to print, so I won't try. Just know that you're doing something important here. You're making a difference. My wallet is so much thinner thanks to you.

I'm going to continue pushing SexCrims on everyone I meet until I have no friends left. Gosh, this got sappy. Love you both.

/Rica from Sweden.

PS. Chip, I attached a pic for you. I heard from a Canadian friend that you promised to hit me up whenever you're in Sweden. I'll save you some surströmming.

IS "SURSTRÖMMING" SWEDISH FOR BUTT STUFF

WELCOME TO COMICS, RICA. THANKS FOR NOT STEALING OUR SHIT OFF THE INTERNET.

•

From somewhere in Africa, I managed to steal soft copies of this comic book (Sex Criminals) from my loving boyfriend. I probably used The Quiet and Cumworld to do so. I would want to state the African country, BUT enjoy feeding the assumption that Africa is a country.

Well I was brought up in a family where discussing coital activities was taboo and if we did discuss it was usually about how I would get several STDS or pregnant OR BOTH. So I was raised in a very nun-like way. I could have been a nun.

I actually opened the comic book a year ago and thought it was about two pedophiles (I flipped through the first pages and came to that conclusion), which then prompted me to put it off. Not that I wasn't sexual active then to have been put off or by any way uncomfortable about such a topic. I was probably afraid to explore the notions I have had about sex, usually how it should be kept secret least I be slut shamed, how its reserved for marriage (which I am totally for). I haven't read further than issue 7 and I need more.

The time-freezing intercourse was a whole new concept, for me to grasp. I actually wish I could have experienced sex that way with such color. I would've used The Quiet to steal books from libraries or book shops, then occasionally but now you have raised my sexpectations. What if I want colour and simultaneously orgasm with my lover. I cannot because of this comic book, I mean its fictional so

SEX TIP *Ever "make whoopee" in a public restroom? Ew.*

why should I be worked up? But simultaneous orgasms are a real thing right?

You addressed shingles, which I was happy about. I am a hypochondriac and I have self-diagnosed myself every time I was fully protected but just in case. I have lied about having herpes.

But yes I digress. I love this comic book and keep the cumming...

MUCH LOVE FROM SOME BUSH IN AFRICA

FROM
A GIRL WHOSE NAME STARTS WITH M AND ENDS IN M

HA HA "BUSH"

Thanks ...Milfredam? ...Melindam? ...Monicam? M ... m ... mom?... -CZ

•

Sometimes when I'm reading the SexCrims letters page in bed I have to apologise to my wife for laughing out loud and waking her up.

If you haven't already come across it, do check out the album Dirty Fan Male (2005) by Wisbey and Jonny Trunk. It's a collection of explicit fan letters written by British men to Page 3 girls (glamour models in tabloid newspapers and wank mags). They are poorly spelled, often riddled with insane non-sequiturs, and absolutely hilarious when read aloud by Wisbey in the voices of Cary Grant, James Mason and others.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aTrvPJLGTXs

Funny thing is, after listening to it 3 or 4 times, I came to realise just how sad and lonely most of these men must have been, expressing their desires and their vulnerabilities, in very limited English, to the only person they felt they could confide in, a woman in a glossy mag whose picture they'd knocked one out to in the lavvies. I started to feel really sorry for them.

Then I had a good laugh about

Spunky Arthur.

http://bit.ly/spunkyarthur

My special message: Penis.

Helena N.

JUST PULLED THAT LINK UP AT THE DINING-ROOM TABLE THANKS HELENA THANKS A LOT

•

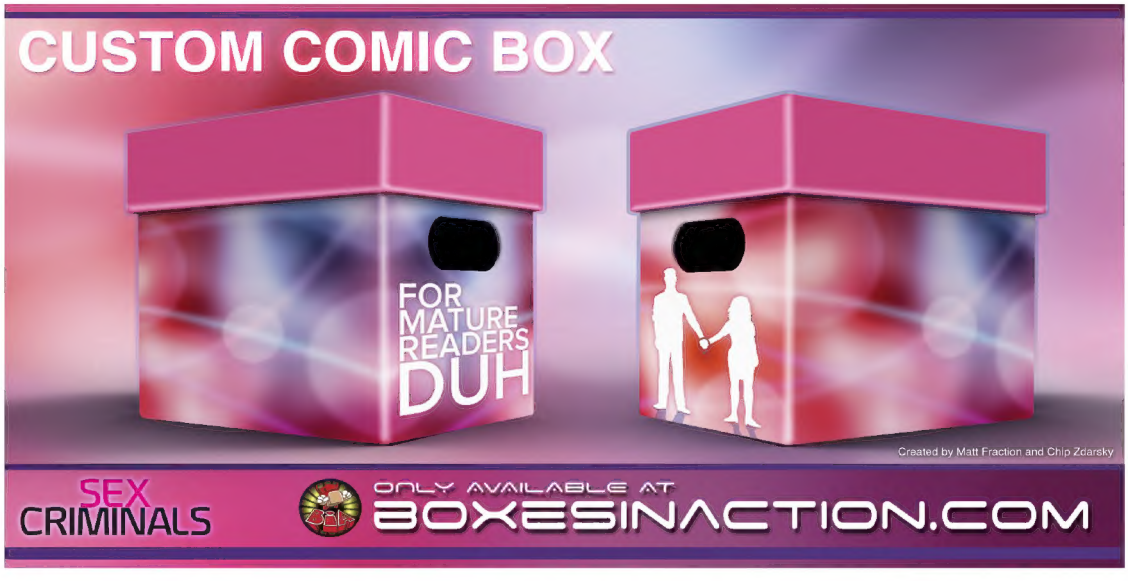
(...) In my last letter I started it off by saying "So me and this girl I used to fuck." That was me throwing shade and trying to be cool but honestly I'm so uncool. She wasn't just some girl I used to fuck. She was the moon of my life... She was the coolest, most beautiful and special person I knew, she was my best friend and I was mad because I lost her, and I'm sorry. (...) The popup book idea was half hers so you guys got to give her credit and show her some love because she's such a big fan and a great person. Thanks guys, keep up the great work!

Gilbert V

GOOD ON YA FOR APOLOGIZING. STEPH WAS ALWAYS TOO GOOD FOR YOU ANYWAY.

Sorry, but I'm TEAM GILBERT! After what Steph DID to him??? -CZ

•



***SEX TIP** If you're ever arrested for solicitation, keep referring to what you were doing as "selling whoopee" and they legally have to let you go.*

My girlfriend has this really great ex-art professor, I've never had one of his classes, nor do I even go to the college he teaches at, but he's a really swell guy, take my word for it (he also bakes some bitchin bread). Anyway, we were talking about comics over dinner one night and I brought up Sex Criminals, it obviously peaked his interest, but I didn't divulge much about the book, only that it was about "two people who get it on and rob banks, but there's more than that." So I let him borrow (along with book 1 of Saga) Big Hard Sex Criminals. After a few days, we go to his house to hang out and with wide eyed excitement, he held up BHSC and exclaimed "Where can I read more of this?!" He went on to tell us that he couldn't put it down and that he had read every single word written in between the two big hard covers of the book. He even went as far as to call the book brilliant and praised the cover gallery at the end.

So that's pretty cool.

Also, I recently found 4 big black garbage bags in my conservative, Irish catholic father's basement filed to the brim(p) with porn mags of every shape and (ahem) size.

But that's a story for another time.

Tron D.

NO NO THAT IS NOT A STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME THAT IS A STORY FOR RIGHT-GODDAMN-NOW GODDAMMIT THOSE BAGS ARE HUGE THAT HAD TO BE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF PORNOGRAPHY

•

I cannot TAKE it anymore. I've loved Sex Crims since I started reading it (pretty late) but after the issue with Alix, you geniuspants of genius, I am so grateful.

Everything leading up to it: the realness and awkwardness of your first sexual encounters, the shame (oh the shame), the perfectly paced empowerment. I cannot thank you enough. Where I grew up, in a privileged but severely sheltered corner of Pakistan, no one talks about sex yet everyone does it. There is so much shame in admitting you've been active sexually and just, this was a safe space I needed. Thank you.

I found out about Sex Criminals in an effort to start reading comics because I never had before. I suggested it to my boyfriend at the time, who started reading it a year later and said I need to get in on this NOW. Best decision we've ever made.

I finally feel the empowerment a bit more openly. I've had an array of health issues, including anorexia nervosa, debilitating clinical anxiety, BPD and PTSD which my 20-year-old body still hasn't quite learned how to react to. I'm still learning about my sexuality but like Ana said, there is only who we are right now. I fucking love that. It's okay to not know, and when I know, that'll be okay too. (...)

Love,

Roo

I LOVE HOW YOU GUYS HAVE REACHED OUT. I LOVE HOW YOU GUYS HAVE MADE *ME* FEEL LIKE I'M NOT SO ALONE, LET ALONE ONE ANOTHER. THANK YOU FOR REACHING OUT. ALL OF YOU. I MEAN, THANK YOU, ROO, MOST OF ALL, YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE REST OF THESE WEIRDOS, BUT THE REST OF YOU WEIRDOS ARE PRETTY GOOD TOO.

•

One summer, I was living on an island alone. Because I was living by myself and had my own room, I masturbated pretty much every night. Now, this island had an ant problem. The kind of ant problem where if you so much as dropped a used gum wrapper on your floor the ants would form a trail to it to cart off any traces of sugar. My first night on the island, I turned off the lights, grabbed a tissue, and did the deed. I threw the tissue in the trash and went to sleep. When I woke up the next morning, the tissue was covered in ants, and there were ant trails everywhere, leading in from under the door, down the walls, up through my window. Cum, I had forgotten, is filled with sugar! At first, I tried to shoo the ants away, because it felt kind of weirdly intimate to think they were using my cum as a food source, but after a few minutes I realized this was pretty futile. So…the next night I went on as usual. And the next night. And the next night. That summer, I sustained an entire colony of ants with my cum alone.

Connor S.

NO I TAKE IT BACK THANK YOU *CONNOR* MOST OF ALL NOT ROO THANK YOU CONNOR.

NEXT TIME!

PUTTING THE CRIMINAL BACK INTO SEX CRIMINALS!

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED **M** / MATURE

THERE IS AT LEAST ONE BOOBIE IN HERE I'M SORRY